

FROM THE BURIAL SERVICE.

'Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts, shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers ; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee.

PAGE 119, HYMN BOOK.

Version of Part of the Third Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon, proper to be sung at Funerals.

THE righteous souls that take their flight

Far from this world of pain,

In God's paternal bosom blest,

Forever shall remain,

To minds unwise they seem to die,

All joyful hope to cease ;

Whilst they, secur'd by faith, repose

In everlasting peace.

For at the great, the awful day,

When Christ descends from high,

With myriads of angelic saints

They'll meet him in the sky.

Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,

Shall pour redeeming grace,

And call them ever to behold

The brightness of his face.